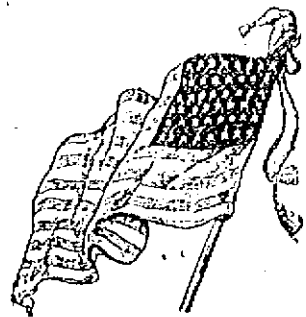


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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established June, 1768, and is now in its one hundred and sixtieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Terms: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in summer, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publishers.

Local Matters.

THE NEWPORT SOCIAL INDEX

The Newport Social Index, the only complete directory of society in Newport and vicinity, will be ready for delivery to subscribers early next week. The book is as complete and accurate as ever, and the printing and binding are in the highest style of the art. All of the work has been done in the Mercury office, and in record-breaking time for such an extensive piece of work. A feature of the book this year is the list of officers of the army and navy stationed at Newport, occupying many pages because of the great increase in number due to the war. This is probably the first complete compilation of army and navy officers in Newport, the large number in the Naval Reserve being included.

Mr. Frank M. Wheeler, the society and naval editor of the Newport Herald, and the Newport correspondent of the Associated Press, the man who sent out to the press of the world the complete story of the visit to Newport harbor of the German U-53, the original "preparedness advocate in Newport," and the founder and promoter of countless activities for the benefit of the community, is again at his desk after having been housed for several days as the result of overwork. Business can now go on as usual.

The special meeting of the school committee on Friday was expected to be an important one, as there were several vacancies to be filled in the teaching corps in preparation for the reopening of the schools in the fall. Superintendent Lull hopes to be able to join his family at North Weare, N. H., at once to spend the remainder of the summer.

A German employe of one of the large summer estates has been placed under arrest by representatives of the department of justice, charged with having left New York city without permission of his registrar and also with failure to report his arrival in Newport to the registrar of this district.

The annual lawn party of the First Presbyterian Church was held on Thursday afternoon and was a complete success. There was a good attendance, and a clean sweep was made of the articles that were for sale.

The Government proposes to spend \$11,650,000 for housing war workmen in New England. Of this sum Newport expects to get \$1,700,000, Massachusetts cities expect to get \$6,250,000.

Over 20,000 people visited the Newport Beach on the Fourth of July. This came near being the banner day of the season.

Lieutenant Furber I. Marshall of the Aviation Corps, is spending a few days in Newport with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alward L. Marshall.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, Mrs. Julia Murray of Grafton street, was given a hearing on her claim for damages against the city. She claimed that her property had been damaged by the change of grade and also by the throwing of dirt on to her property by men of the highway department. Her cellar had been filled with water, and she claimed that the sickness of her daughter, who is ill with diphtheria, was caused by the wet conditions.

On the other side, Street Commissioner Sullivan and other employees of the highway department testified that no dirt had been thrown on her property, but that much of the material used for raising the street grade had disappeared and that the police had been requested to prevent the neighbors from taking it. The City Engineer testified as to the change of grade amounting to about 15 inches. The board took the case under advisement at the completion of the hearing.

The board voted to call before them the holder of a hackney license who had been arrested for bringing beer into the barred zone, and the holder of a pool room license where men had been arrested for playing cards on Sunday, to show cause why their licenses should not be revoked. The other business transacted was largely of a routine nature.

Chairman Congdon of the Sinking Fund Commission in a conference with the board, stated that the Commission had no funds that it could loan to the city to meet the financial emergency. Legal authorities, however, considered that the city had the right to borrow money on notes to meet the difficulty and this course will probably be adopted as the necessity arises.

NEWPORTER HELD FOR MANSLAUGHTER

Walter A. Aldrich of this city was given a preliminary hearing in the District Court in Fall River on Thursday on charges of manslaughter and unlawfully taking an automobile. The case grew out of a fatal accident on the Somerset road on the morning of June 24th, when two men who were walking on the road were knocked down, one of them dying before he reached the hospital. The Massachusetts police claim that Aldrich was responsible for the accident. Aldrich claimed that he was a passenger in a Providence jitney going to Fall River, and that he saw the two men lying in the road as they passed. At the conclusion of the hearing, Judge Hanly announced that, although the evidence was largely circumstantial, he would find the defendant probably guilty and bound him over in the sum of \$5500 to await the action of the grand jury.

Many tents have been erected on the Coddington Point extension of the Naval Training Station, and in a short time a large number of boys will be in training there. When the permanent buildings can be begun is a problem, but the navy needs them.

The board of aldermen has ordered that all bowling alleys, pool rooms and similar places of amusement shall be closed each night at midnight.

The large draft of men which will go to Camp Upton on July 23 will exhaust the available men from Class 1 in this State. The draft will take 1751 men from Rhode Island.

Another examination for promotion to the rank of Ensign in the Naval Reserve Force will be held next Monday, particularly for those experienced in engineering.

Many of the sailors from the Training Station have received their certificates acknowledging their first step toward naturalization from the clerk of the Superior Court this week.

Louis A. Stedman, son of the late Col. William A. Stedman, is visiting friends and relatives in Newport. This is his first visit to Newport in twenty-five years.

Young Harold Peckham, son of Col. Harold A. Peckham, is home from Erie, Pa., where he has been employed for some time. He now proposes to join the Marine corps.

On July 14, 1894, occurred Newport's disastrous hail storm which did much damage throughout the city. Sunday will be the 24th anniversary of the storm.

Rev. Stanley C. Hughes rector of Trinity Church, is enjoying his annual vacation.

E. A. SHERMAN BUYS NEWS

Colonel Edward A. Sherman, for a number of years treasurer of the Newport Trust Company, has purchased the interest of Mr. T. T. Pittman in the T. T. Pittman Corporation, publishers of the Newport Daily News, and thus becomes the principal owner of that paper. Although there have been rumors for some time that the paper was to change hands the announcement of the purchase and the name of the new owner came as a considerable surprise to the general public who had no idea that Colonel Sherman contemplated the change from banking to newspaper work.

Colonel Sherman is the second son of the late Albert K. Sherman, and a native Newporter from an old Newport family. After being graduated from the Rogers High School and Harvard University, he entered the employ of the National Bank of Rhode Island, afterward purchased by the Industrial Trust Company of Providence, and being known as the Newport Trust Company. He quickly familiarized himself with the technique of banking and rose steadily until he became treasurer of the Newport Trust Company and a member of the board of directors. He has always taken a deep interest in Newport affairs, having been a member of the school committee and a member of the representative council, besides holding offices in many local institutions of a charitable nature. He was a member of the personal staff of Governor Aram J. Pothier, and is well known throughout the State.

Colonel Sherman will devote his whole time to the affairs of the Daily News, having taken over the control of the paper on Thursday.

The management of the Newport and Providence Street Railway Company demonstrated the use of the new one-man car on Monday evening when the Mayor, Board of Aldermen and a few special guests were conveyed to the Bristol Ferry Inn for supper to commemorate the fourteenth anniversary of the establishment of the line. The new car is designed especially for operation by one man, and possesses all the automatic safety devices that seem necessary to prevent accidents from any cause.

There was some excitement in the swamp district of the city on Wednesday when two naval prisoners attempted to make their escape from the guard that had been placed over the working prisoners. The guard pursued the fleeing men, firing shots into the air, and this attracting the attention of the neighbors. Patrolman Ackers saw the pursuit and headed off the fugitives on his motorcycle so that they were quickly rounded up.

Mrs. James H. Comstock, a former resident of Newport, died at her home in Stonington, Conn., on Tuesday. She was well known here, where her husband was for many years connected with the Old Colony shops, making their home here for about 25 years. She is survived by her husband, one son, Mr. Fletcher Comstock, and four daughters, Mrs. Harry Wilson, Mrs. Packer Brannan, Mrs. George W. Brownell, and Miss Ada Comstock.

Of all the men gathered in by the police on the Fourth of July and after, because of failure to produce their proper registration cards, only a very few proved to be genuine slackers. Most of them had left their cards at home, or else had not received them from their local boards. It is safe to assert, however, that the same men will not soon be found without their cards. Many of them suffered great inconvenience through their neglect.

Mr. Damon Lyon, a well known actor with a considerable acquaintance in Newport, died at White Plains, N. Y., last week, after a long illness. He married a daughter of the late Dr. Samuel Ward Francis of this city, her first husband being Forbes Curtis. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lyon had frequently appeared in dramatic recitals in Newport during the summer months, and were well known here.

Autoists who have been taking chances by bringing beer into Newport from Fall River and other places are likely to take warning from the arrest and prosecution of one party under like circumstances this week. Rumor has it that all autos are likely to be stopped and searched when coming into Newport.

Announcement comes from Washington that the Government Housing Bureau is to start the erection of 50 houses to accommodate the munition workers in this city, the work to be begun within a month. The location is said to be on Bateman avenue and Old Fort Road.

CIVIC LEAGUE ELECTS

The annual meeting of the Civic League was held in the Civic League House in Aquidneck Park on Tuesday afternoon, when reports were received from the heads of the various departments of the League. The annual report of the treasurer showed a small deficit due to the fact that unexpected repairs to the heating plant had been required.

There was no contest over the election of officers, the new officers being as follows:

President—Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing, Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Livingston Hunt.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. Walter Coles Cabell.
Treasurer—Miss Lucy P. Brownell.
Directors—Mrs. R. Livingston Beekman, Miss Cortazzo, Miss Clara Ennis, Miss Maude K. Wetmore, Miss Phoebe Ball.

COAL DELIVERIES

The United States Fuel Administration sends out the following: To Rhode Island Coal Dealers:—Gentlemen:—Before delivering more than two-thirds of the Anthracite coal requirements of any domestic consumer, Retail Coal Dealers will notify this office of the fact that they have delivered two-thirds to all applicants, and are prepared to make additional deliveries.

A decision as to additional deliveries will be made by this office at the time of the statement of the above facts to the Administration.

We wish also to caution all dealers that the Ruling allowing two-third deliveries of normal annual requirements must be followed, and evasion must not be accomplished by allowing customers to estimate in excess of their normal annual requirements for the purpose of acquiring additional coal.

Very truly yours,
MALCOLM G. CHASE,
Fuel Administrator for Rhode Island.

Several Newport Sunday Schools have held their annual picnics this week, and contrary to usual custom the weather did not interfere with their enjoyment. Rain has interfered somewhat with activities at the Beach this summer, as on last Sunday and also on the Fourth of July heavy showers in the afternoon drove the people to shelter. However, rain is greatly needed, and in large quantities, as the ponds are very low. At Green End the bottom of the pond shows for a long distance. A large fire would drain the available supply of water very severely.

To-morrow, Sunday, will be the national holiday of France, and Mayor Burdick has issued a proclamation asking the citizens of Newport to take cognizance of the occasion and assist in the observance of the day. There will probably be no formal program for a celebration, but the French colors are to be displayed with the Stars and Stripes as far as possible. On the Fourth of July, all France joined in the celebration of the Independence Day of the United States, and Americans are now requested to show like courtesies to their French allies.

The annual Newport County Conference of King's Daughters and Sons was held at the First Methodist Episcopal Church in this city on Wednesday, with the State President, Mrs. Frank E. Maxwell, the secretary Mrs. William E. Husband, and the treasurer, Mrs. Walter Hill, in attendance. In the afternoon the principal address was delivered by Hon. Grafton D. Cushing of Massachusetts, who told of his experiences abroad and his interviews with noted fighters of the allied nations.

Rev. Robert L. Downing, who retired from the stage some years ago to take up evangelical work, and who was for some time pastor of the Christian Church in Portsmouth, will return to the stage in the near future, having signed a contract with a prominent theatrical manager to appear in the revival of an old play. Mr. Downing will devote his spare time to Y. M. C. A. work and similar activities. He will retain his residence in Portsmouth.

Although it had been expected that, after the successful run in Providence, the naval men would go on the road with their production of Pinafore, the company has been disbanded and the members have been given a short furlough before returning to their regular duties in the navy here. The production was a great success, and was enjoyed by the performers as well as by the audiences.

Dr. C. Edward Farnum attended the annual convention of Osteopathic physicians held in Boston last week.

Rev. Richard Arnold Greene has returned from a trip through the middle West.

ALDERMEN DISCUSS FINANCES

The board of aldermen held a special meeting on Tuesday evening for the purpose of discussing the financial situation with the heads of the various city departments in the hope that some means might be found for meeting the deficit that stares the treasury in the face. Although the departments were not all represented, little encouragement was received from those who were prepared to discuss the situation, and there is no likelihood of finding any substantial balance to be turned back at the end of the year from any of the departments.

Mayor Burdick announced that the city clerk had estimated the deficit at \$70,000, and the department heads were at once interrogated to find what amount of their appropriations would probably be turned back at the close of the municipal year in December. At the best the total estimate could not be made to rise above \$10,000, so little encouragement could be obtained from this quarter. Mayor Burdick did not consider that the city's credit had been in any way impaired, and thought that the city had a perfect right to borrow money to carry it through the year even without special legislative authority.

It was suggested that the Sinking Fund Commission might be able to come to the aid of the treasury, and it was voted to request the members of the Commission to meet with the board on Thursday evening.

NEWPORT HOSPITAL ELECTORS

The annual meeting of the corporation of the Newport Hospital was held on Tuesday afternoon, when the annual report of the trustees was read, and officers were elected for the year. The new officers are as follows:

President—William P. Buffum.
Vice President—James Andrews Swan.
Secretary—Harry G. Wilks.
Treasurer—Thomas B. Congdon.
Auditors—Thomas P. Peckham and Edwin S. Burdick.
Trustees (3 years)—George Peabody Wetmore, Peter King, Frederick P. Garrettson. (2 years) James Andrews Swan. (1 year) Alan R. Wheeler.

New members of the corporation were elected as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Alan R. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick P. Garrettson, Mr. and Mrs. Michael M. Van Beuren Mr. and Mrs. Philip Caswell, Dr. and Mrs. Roderick Terry, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar M. Phelps, Rev. and Mrs. Charles D. Burrows, Rev. and Mrs. Mark Mohler, Dr. Geo. Cerio, Mrs. Thomas J. Emery, Thomas F. Keeler, John Thompson Spencer.

The report of the trustees showed the urgent necessity for additional funds to meet the running expenses of the Hospital because of the great increase in the cost of all labor and supplies, as well as the increase in the number of patients during the year.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mr. William G. Lamb of New Bedford is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Anthony.

Quite a party of the relatives of Mr. James Austin Peckham and also relatives of Miss Margaret Lawrence went to Wellesley, Mass., to attend the wedding of Mr. Peckham and Miss Lawrence, which took place at the home of the bride's parents on Saturday evening. The ceremony took place upon the large piazza before a company of about 50 guests. The piazza was beautifully decorated with flowers, a bower being erected for the wedding party. Miss Lawrence wore a beautiful gown of white satin and Georgette crepe and a long veil held in place by a wreath of orange blossoms. She was attended by her sister, Mrs. Henry Baria, as matron of honor, who wore a gown of white lace. The best man was Mr. J. Harrison Peckham, brother of the groom. After the ceremony there was a reception when the young people received the hearty good wishes of all. After the refreshments were served, the young couple left for a honeymoon trip which included Boston, New York and the Hudson River. They will then come here to make their home for the present with the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham. The groom's gift to the bride was a cameo brooch and to the best man an amethyst stick pin. The bride's gift to the matron of honor was a pearl brooch. Mr. Peckham is a 1st Class Carpenter's Mate in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, and is now stationed at Newport.

Mr. Ernest Cross and Mr. Elliott Anthony of Camp Devens have been here to visit their families.

Mrs. Robert D. Hall of Bristol Ferry is entertaining Miss Gertrude Sisson of Boston.

Mr. James E. Sullivan has taken a position in Mr. Clifton Tallman's fish market in Newport.

Mr. Levern Sewall, U. S. N. R. F., of New London, Conn., has been here to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Sewall.

Mr. Frank Howell has purchased a cottage on Riverside Avenue, Ty-



erton, and has moved his family there.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Lawrence are entertaining the latter's mother, Mrs. Ada Mott of Providence. Mrs. Lawrence has also been entertaining her brother, Mr. Fred Mott of Providence.

The Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held a whist at the home of Mrs. David H. Anthony. The proceeds will be devoted to war relief work. Mrs. Clarence E. Brown won the first prize, a pair of shoe trees, and Mrs. Mary E. Tullman won the second prize, a memorandum and holder.

Misses Elizabeth and Ada Trout of Cleveland, Ohio, are to conduct services at the Friends' Church. They are graduates of the Bible School in Cleveland, and have been conducting work of this nature for some time.

Mr. Raymond Borden, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo E. Borden, who has for the past three years been teaching and studying in Urbana University, Illinois, has received the degree of Ph. D. In the autumn he will return to the University to teach mathematics to the local engineers. Dr. Borden was married last week to a young lady who has recently graduated from the University and the young couple will come here to visit Mr. and Mrs. Borden.

Mr. Merle F. Holman of Springfield, Mass., has been spending two weeks with his parents, Town Sergeant and Mrs. Frederick W. Holman.

Mr. Clifton Boyd is in the Naval Hospital.

The monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate was held at the town hall on Monday afternoon, with all the members present.

The petition of Harry Nadeau for license to peddle fruit and vegetables was received and the petitioner was given leave to withdraw.

The petition of Patrick J. Austin for a victualler's license was granted, fee \$5.

Statements of damage done by dogs to hens belonging to William A. Lawrence amounting to \$11.00 and to hens belonging to Paul Chase of Prudence Island amounting to \$13, were ordered paid according to law.

The petition of Jacob Morganstein for a license to peddle fruit and vegetables was granted. Fee \$5.

A communication from Governor Beekman, addressed to Arthur A. Sherman, referring to gambling slot machines at Island Park, was received. The Town Sergeant was ordered to remove the gambling slot machines.

It was voted to meet Wednesday, August 7th at 7.30 p. m., to canvass the voting lists, in accordance with a law passed at the last session of the Legislature.

Rev. Everett P. Smith presented his resignation as a member of the school committee. B. Earl Anthony was appointed to fill the unexpired term.

The petition of the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. for permission to trim such trees as interfere with its wires was granted, the work to be done under the supervision of the highway surveyors and the abutting owners.

A petition signed by all the public school teachers, filed with the school committee and by it referred to the town council, was received. It asks for an increase of salaries, and as the council has no power to act, it was referred to the next regular meeting.

A number of bills were received and ordered paid.

In probate court the first and final account of Walter S. Langley, executor of the will of Phoebe M. Durfee was allowed and ordered recorded.

The first and final account of John C. Burke and Robert M. Franklin, administrators of the estate of Manuel T. Brazil, was continued to August 12th.

The petition of Hannah Andrew that the foreign will of John Andrew be filed and recorded in the registry of this court was allowed.

The petition of Amy J. Brown and Clarence E. Brown that George R. Hicks be appointed administrator of the estate of Edward P. Brown, was allowed. Bond was required in the sum of \$6000, with Harriet A. Brown as surety. John W. Franklin was appointed appraiser.

The will of Joseph Reddington, with the petition of Joseph McGinrick, the executor named therein, was presented for probate, and was referred to August 12th.

The inventory of the estate of Ruth A. Sweet was allowed and ordered recorded.

On Wednesday evening the prayer meetings were resumed at the Methodist Episcopal Church. These had been temporarily given up as the pastor, Mrs. Kathryn Cooper, was not here to conduct them.

St. Paul's Guild held a meeting at the Parish House on Tuesday. Plans were completed for the annual lawn party which will be held next Wednesday.

It is reported that Mr. Marion McAllister Smith is to make extensive improvements at Le Mont Farm. He may make this his residence. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur and family are planning to go to California.

"OUTWITTING THE HUN"

BY LIEUTENANT
PAT BERRIEN

CHAPTER XVI.

I Leave for the Frontier.

To get out of the city, it would be necessary to pass two guards. This I had learned in the course of my walks at night, having frequently traveled to the city limits with the idea of finding out just what conditions I would have to meet when the time came for me to leave.

A German soldier's uniform, however, no longer worried me as it had at first. I had mingled with the Huns so much in the city that I began to feel that I was really a Belgian, and I assumed the indifference that they seemed to feel.

I decided, therefore, to walk out of the city in the daytime, when the sentries would be less apt to be on the watch. It worked fine. I was not held up a moment, the sentries evidently taking me for a Belgian peasant on his way to work.

Traveling faster than I had ever done before since my escape, I was soon out in the open country, and the first Belgian I came to I approached for food. He gave me half of his lunch and we sat down on the side of the road to eat it. Of course, he tried to talk to me, but I used the old ruse of pretending I was deaf and dumb and he was quite convinced that it was so. He made various efforts to talk to me in pantomime, but I could not make out what he was getting at, and I think he must have concluded that I was not only half starved, deaf and dumb, but "looney" in the bargain.

When night came I looked around for a place to rest. I had decided to travel in the daytime as well as night, because I understood that it was only a few miles from the frontier, and I was naturally anxious to get there at the earliest possible moment, although I realized that there I would encounter the most hazardous part of my whole adventure. To get through the heavily guarded barbed wire and electrically charged barrier was a problem that I hated to think of even, although the hours I spent endeavoring to devise some way of outwitting the Huns were many.

It had occurred to me, for instance, that if I could not be such a difficult matter to vault over the electric fence, which was only nine feet high. In college, I knew a ten-foot vault is considered a high-school boy's accomplishment, but there were two great difficulties in the way of this solution. In the first place it would be no easy matter to get a pole of the right length, weight and strength to serve the purpose. More particularly, however, the pole-vault idea seemed to me to be out of the question because of the fact that on either side of the electric fence, six feet from it, was a six-foot barbed wire barrier. To vault safely over a nine-foot electrically charged fence was one thing, but to combine with it a twelve-foot broad vault was a feat which even a college athlete in the pink of condition would be apt to flunk. Indeed, I don't believe it is possible.

Another plan that seemed half-way reasonable was to build a pair of stilts about twelve or fourteen feet high and walk over the barriers one by one. As a youngster I had acquired considerable skill in stilt-walking and I have no doubt that with the proper equipment it would have been quite feasible to have walked out of Belgium as easily as possible in that way, but whether or not I was going to have a chance to construct the necessary stilts remained to be seen.

There were a good many bicycles in use by the German soldiers in Belgium and it had often occurred to me that if I could have stolen one, the tires would have made excellent gloves and insulated coverings for my feet in case it was necessary for me to attempt to climb over the electric fence bodily. But as I had never been able to steal a bicycle this avenue of escape was closed to me.

I decided to wait until I arrived at the barrier and then make up my mind how to proceed.

To find a decent place to sleep that night, I crawled under a barbed wire fence, thinking it led into some field. As I passed under, one of the barbs caught in my coat and in trying to pull myself from it I shook the fence for several yards.

Instantly there came out of the night the nerve-racking command: "Halt!" Again I feared I was done for. I crouched close down on the ground in the darkness, not knowing whether to take to my legs and trust to the Hun's missing me in the darkness if he fired, or stay where I was. It was foggy as well as dark, and although I knew the sentry was only a few feet away from me I decided to stand, or rather lie, flat. I think my heart made almost as much noise as the rattling of the wire in the first place, and it was a tense few moments to me.

I heard the German say a few words to himself, but didn't understand them, of course, and then he made a sound as if to get a bag, and I realized that his theory of the fence was that it was a trap for the Hun.

For perhaps five minutes I didn't stir. I thought that the German

had probably continued on his feet I kept quietly under the wire again, this time being mighty careful to keep the ground so close that I wouldn't touch the wire, and made off in a different direction. Evidently the barbed wire fence had been thrown around an ammunition depot or something of the kind, and it was not a field at all that I had tried to get into.

I figured that other sentries were probably in the neighborhood and I proceeded very gingerly.

After I had got about a mile away from this spot I came to an humble Belgian house and I knocked at the door and applied for food in my usual way, pointing to my mouth to indicate I was hungry and to my ears and mouth to imply that I was deaf and dumb. The Belgian woman who lived in the house brought me a piece of bread and two cold potatoes and as I sat there eating them she eyed me very keenly.

I haven't the slightest doubt that she realized I was a fugitive. She lived so near the border that it was more for that reason, I appreciated more fully the extent of the risk she ran, for no doubt the Germans were constantly watching the conduct of these Belgians who lived near the line.

My theory that she realized that I was not a Belgian at all, but probably some English fugitive, was confirmed a moment later, when, as I made ready to go, she touched me on the arm and indicated that I was to wait a moment. She went to a bureau and brought out two pieces of fancy Belgian lace which she insisted upon my taking away, although at that particular moment I had as much use for Belgian lace as an elephant for a safety razor, but I was touched with her thoughtfulness and pressed her hand to show my gratitude. She would not accept the money I offered her.

I carried the lace through my subsequent experiences, feeling that it would be a fine souvenir for my mother, although as a matter of fact I had known that it was going to delay my final escape for even a single moment, as it did, I am quite sure she would rather I had not seen it.

On one piece of lace was the Flemish word "Charite" and on the other the word "Esperance." At the time I took these words to mean "Charity" and "Experience" and all I hoped was that I could get as much of the one as I was getting of the other before I finally got through. I learned subsequently that what the words really stood for were "Charity" and "Hope," and then I was sure that my kind Belgian friend had indeed realized my plight and that her thoughtful souvenir was intended to encourage me in the trials she must have known were before me.

I didn't let the old Belgian lady know, because I did not want to alarm her unnecessarily, but that night I slept in her backyard, leaving early in the morning before it became light.

Later in the day I applied at another house for food. It was occupied by a father and mother and ten children. I hesitated to ask them for food without offering to pay for it, as I realized what a task it must have been for them to support themselves without having to feed a hungry man. Accordingly I gave the man a mark and then indicated that I wanted something to eat. They were just about to eat themselves, apparently, and they let me partake of their meal, which consisted of a huge bowl of some kind of soup which I was unable to identify and which they served in ordinary wash basins. I don't know that they ever used the basins to wash in as well, but whether they did or not did not worry me very much. The soup was good and I enjoyed it.

All the time I was there I could see the father and the eldest son, a boy



Again I Feared I Was Done For.

about seventeen, who extremely nervously. I had indicated to them that I was deaf and dumb, but if they believed me it didn't seem to make them

any more comfortable.

I lingered at the house for about an hour after the meal and during that time a young man came to call on the eldest daughter, a young woman of perhaps eighteen. The caller eyed me very suspiciously, although I must have resembled nothing but a British soldier. They spoke French and I did not understand a word they said, but I think they were discussing my probable identity. During their conversation, I had a chance to look around the room. There were three other people, two fairly large and one somewhat smaller, about fourteen feet tall and six feet high. In this smaller room there were two double-decked beds, which were apparently intended to house the whole family, although how the whole twelve of them could sleep in that one room I will never be able to figure out.

Then the father you could walk directly into the courtyard, where two cows were kept, and this, as I have pointed out before, is the usual construction of the poorer Belgian houses.

I could not make out why the caller seemed to be so antagonistic to me, and yet I am sure he was arguing with the family against me. Perhaps the fact that I wasn't wearing wooden shoes—I doubt whether I could have obtained a pair big enough for me—had convinced him that I was not really a Belgian, because there was nothing about me otherwise which could have given him that idea.

At that time, and I suppose it is true today, about 91 per cent of the people in Belgium were wearing wooden shoes. Among the peasants I don't believe I ever saw any other kind of footwear and they are more common there than they are in Holland. The Dutch wear them more on account of a lack of leather. I was told that during the coming year practically all the peasants and poorer people in Germany, too, will adopt wooden shoes for farm work, as that is one direction in which wood can be substituted for leather without much loss.

When the young man left, I left shortly afterwards, as I was not at all comfortable about what his intentions were regarding me. For all I knew he might have gone to notify the German authorities that there was a strange man in the vicinity—more perhaps to protect his friends from suspicion of having aided me than to injure me.

At any rate, I was not going to take any chances and I got out of that neighborhood as rapidly as I could.

That night found me right on the frontier of Holland.

CHAPTER XVII.

Getting Through the Lines.

Waiting until it was quite dark, I made my way carefully through a field and eventually came to the much dreaded barrier.

It was all that I had heard about it. Every foot of the border line between Belgium and Holland is protected in precisely the same manner. It is there to serve three purposes: first, to prevent the Belgians from escaping into Holland; second to keep enemies, like myself, from making their way to freedom; and third, to prevent desertions on the part of Germans themselves. One look was enough to convince any one that it probably accomplished all three objects about as well as any contrivance could, and one look was all I got of it that night, for while I lay on my stomach gazing at the forbidding structure I heard the measured stride of a German sentry advancing towards me and I crawled away as fast as I possibly could, determined to spend the night somewhere in the fields and make another and more careful survey the following night.

The view I had obtained, however, was sufficient to convince me that the pole-vault idea was out of the question even if I had a pole and was a proficient pole-vaulter. The three fences covered a span of at least twelve feet and to clear the last barbed wire fence it would be necessary to vault not only at least ten feet high, but at least fourteen feet wide, with the certain knowledge that to touch the electrically charged fence meant instant death. There would be no second chance if you came a cropper the first time.

The stilt idea was also impracticable because of the lack of suitable timber and tools with which to construct the stilts.

It seemed to me that the best thing to do was travel up and down the line a bit in the hope that some spot might be discovered where conditions were more favorable, although I don't know just what I expected along those lines.

It was mighty disheartening to realize that only a few feet away lay certain liberty and that the only things preventing me from reaching it were three confounded fences. I thought of my machine and wished that some kind fairy would set it in front of me for just one minute.

I spent the night in a clump of bushes and kept in hiding most of the next day, only going abroad for an hour or two in the middle of the day to intercept some Belgian peasant and beg for food. The Belgians in this section were naturally very much afraid of the Germans and I fared badly. In nearly every house German soldiers were quartered and it was out of the question for me to apply for food in that direction. The proximity of the border made everyone eye each other with more or less suspicion and I soon came to the conclusion that the safest thing I could do was to live on raw vegetables which I could steal from the fields at night as I had previously done.

That night I made another survey of the barrier in that vicinity, but it looked just as hopeless as it had the night before and I concluded that I only wasted my time there.

I spent the night wandering north, guided by the North Star which had served me so faithfully in all my traveling. Every mile or two I would make my way carefully to the barrier to see if conditions were any better, but it seemed to be the same all along. I felt

like a wild animal in a cage, with about as much chance of getting out.

The section of the country in which I was now wandering was very heavily wooded and there was really no very great difficulty in keeping myself concealed, which I did all day long, stilling all the time the idea of some way in which I could circumvent that electric barrier.

The idea of a huge stepladder or curculio came, but I searched high and low in vain for a ladder or a fallen tree out of which I could construct one. It could only obtain something which would enable me to reach a point about nine feet to the top of the barrier—a comparatively simple matter to jump from that point over the electric fence.

Then I thought that perhaps I could construct a simple ladder and lean it against one of the posts upon which the electric wires were strung, climbing the top and then leap over, getting over the barbed wire fences in the same way.

This seemed to be the most likely plan and all night long I sat constructing a ladder for this purpose.

I was fortunate enough to find a number of fallen pine trees from ten to twenty feet long. I selected two of them which seemed sufficiently strong and broke off all the branches, which I used as rungs, tying them to the poles with grass and strips from my handkerchief and shirt as best I could.

It was not a very workmanlike looking ladder when I finally got through with it. I leaned it against a tree to test it and it wobbled considerably. It was more like a rope ladder than a wooden one, but I strengthened it here and there and decided that it would probably serve the purpose.

I kept the ladder in the woods all day and could hardly wait until dark to make the supreme test. If it proved successful my troubles were over; within a few hours I would be in a neutral country out of all danger. If I failed—I dismissed the idea summarily. There was no use worrying about failure; the thing to do was to succeed.

The few hours that were to pass before night came on seemed endless, but I utilized them to re-enforce my ladder, tying the rungs more securely with long grass which I picked in the woods.

At last night came, and with my ladder in hand I made for the barrier. In front of it there was a cleared space of about one hundred yards, which had been prepared to make the work of the guards easier in watching it.

I waited in the neighborhood until I heard the sentry pass the spot where I was in hiding and then I hurried across the clearing, shoved my ladder under the barbed wire and endeavored to follow it. My clothing caught in the wire, but I wrenched myself clear and crawled to the electric barrier.

My plan was to place the ladder against one of the posts, climb up to the top and then jump. There would be a fall of nine or ten feet, and I might possibly sprain an ankle or break my leg, but if that was all that stood between me and freedom I wasn't going to stop to consider it.

I put my ear to the ground to listen for the coming of the sentry. There was not a sound. Eagerly but carefully I placed the ladder against the post and started up. Only a few feet separated me from liberty, and my heart beat fast.

I had climbed perhaps three rungs of my ladder when I became aware of an unlooked for difficulty.

The ladder was slipping. Just as I took the next rung, the ladder slipped, came in contact with the live wire, and the current passed through the wet sticks and into my body. There was a blue flash, my hold on the ladder relaxed and I fell heavily to the ground unconscious.

Of course, I had not received the full force of the current or I would not now be here. I must have remained unconscious for a few moments, but I came to just in time to hear the German guard coming, and the thought came to me if I didn't get that ladder concealed at once he would see it even though, fortunately for me, it was an unusually dark night.

I pulled the ladder out of his path and lay down flat on the ground not seven feet away from his feet. He passed so close that I could have pushed the ladder out and tripped him up.

It occurred to me that I could have climbed back under the barbed wire fence and waited for the sentry to return and then felled him with a blow on the head, as he had no idea, of course, that there was anyone in the vicinity. I wouldn't have hesitated to take life, because my only thought was to get into Holland, but I thought that as long as he didn't bother me perhaps the safest thing to do was not to bother him, but to continue my efforts during his periodic absence.

His beat at this point was apparently fairly long and allowed me more time to work than I had hoped for. My mishap with the ladder had convinced me that my escape in that way was not feasible. The shock that I had received had unnerved me and I was afraid to risk it again, particularly as I realized that I had fared more fortunately than I could hope to again if I met with a similar mishap. There was no way of making that ladder hold and I gave up the idea of using it.

I was now right in front of this electric barrier and as I studied it I saw another way of getting by. If I couldn't get over it, what was the matter with getting under it?

The bottom wire was only two inches from the ground and, of course, I couldn't touch it, but my plan was to dig underneath it and then crawl through the hole in the ground.

I had only my hands to dig with, but I went at it with a will and fortunately the ground was not very hard.

When I had dug about six inches, making a distance in all of eight inches from the lowest electric wire, I came to an underground wire. I

know enough about electricity to realize that this wire could not be charged, as it was in contact with the ground, but still there was not room between the live wire and this underground wire for me to crawl through, and I either had to go back or dig deep enough under this wire to crawl under it or else pull it up.

This underground wire was about as big around as a lead pencil and there was no chance of breaking it. The jack-knife I had had at the start of my travels I had long since lost and even if I had had something to hammer with, the noise would have made the matter impracticable.

I went on digging. When the total distance between the live wire and the bottom of the hole I had dug was thirty inches, I took hold of the ground wire and pulled on it with all my strength.

It wouldn't budge. It was stretched tight across the narrow ditch I had dug—about fourteen inches wide—and all the tugging didn't serve to loosen it.

I was just about to give up in despair when a staple gave way in the nearest post. That enabled me to pull the wire through the ground a little and I renewed my efforts. After a moment or two of pulling as I had never pulled in my life before, a staple on the next post gave way, and my work became easier. I had more leeway now and pulled and pulled again until in all eight staples had given way.

Every time a staple gave way, it sounded in my ears like the report of a gun, although I suppose it didn't really make very much noise. Nevertheless, each time I would put my ear to the ground to listen for the guard. If I heard him I would stop working and lie perfectly still in the dark till he had gone by.

By pulling on the wire, I was now able to drag it through the ground enough to place it back from the fence and go on digging.

The deeper I went the harder became the work, because by this time my finger nails were broken and I was nervous—afraid every moment that I would touch the charged wire.

I kept at it, however, with my mind constantly on the hole I was digging and the liberty which was almost within my reach.

Finally I figured that I had enough space to crawl through and still leave a couple of inches between my back and the live wire.

Before I went under that wire I noticed that the lace which the Belgian woman had given me as a souvenir made my pocket bulge, and lest it might be the innocent means of electrocuting me by touching the live wire, I took it out, rolled it up and threw it over the barrier first.

Then I lay down on my stomach and crawled or rather writhed under the wire like a snake, with my feet first, and there wasn't any question of my hugging mother earth as closely as possible because I realized that even to touch the wire above me with my back meant instant death.

Anxious as I was to get on the other side, I didn't hurry this operation. I feared that there might be some little detail that I had overlooked and I exercised the greatest possible care in going under, taking nothing for granted.

When I finally got through and straightened up, there were still several feet of Belgium between me and liberty, represented by the six feet which separated the electric barrier from the last barbed wire fence, but before I went another step I went down on my knees and thanked God for my long series of escapes and especially for this last achievement, which seemed to me to be about all that was necessary to bring me freedom.

Then I crawled under the barbed wire fence and breathed the free air of Holland. I had no clear idea just where I was and I didn't care much. I was out of the power of the Germans and that was enough. I had walked perhaps a hundred yards, when I remembered the lace I had thrown over the barrier, and dangerous as I realized the undertaking to be, I determined to walk back and get it. This necessitated my going back onto Belgian soil again, but it seemed a shame to leave the lace there, and by exercising a little care I figured I could get it easily enough.

When I came to the spot at which I had made my way under the barbed wire, I put my ear to the ground and listened for the sentry. I heard him coming and lay prone on the ground till he had passed. The fact that he might observe the hole in the ground or the ladder occurred to me as I lay there, and it seemed like an age before he finally marched out of earshot. Then I went under the barbed wire again, retrieved the lace and once again made my way to Dutch territory.

It does not take long to describe the events just referred to, but the incidents themselves consumed several hours in all. To dig the hole must have taken me more than two hours and I had to stop frequently to hide while the sentry passed. Many times, indeed, I thought I heard him coming and stopped my work and then discovered that it was only my imagination. I certainly suffered enough that night to last me a lifetime. With a German guard on one side, death from electrocution on the other, and starvation staring me in the face, my plight was anything but a comfortable one.

It was on the 10th of November, 1917, when I got through the wire. I had made my leap from the train on September 9th. Altogether, therefore, just seventy-two days had elapsed since I escaped from the Huns. If I live to be as old as Methuselah, I never expect to live through another seventy-two days so crammed full of incident and hazard and lucky escape.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Experiences in Holland.

But I was not quite out of the woods.

I now knew that I was in Holland,

but just where I had no idea. I walked for about thirty minutes and came to a path leading to the right, and I had



Heard the German Guard Coming.

proceeded along it but a few hundred yards when I saw in front of me a fence exactly like the one I had crossed.

"This is funny," I said to myself. "I didn't know the Dutch had a fence, too." I advanced to the fence and examined it closely, and judge of my astonishment when I saw beyond it a nine-foot fence apparently holding live wires exactly like the one which had nearly been the death of me!

I had very little time to conjecture what it all meant, for just then I heard a guard coming. He was walking so fast that I was sure it was a Dutch sentry, as the Huns walk much slower.

I was so bewildered, however, that I decided to take no chances, and as the road was fairly good I wandered down it and away from that mysterious fence. About half a mile down I could see the light of a sentry station and I thought I would go there and tell my story to the sentries, realizing that as I was unarmed it was perfectly safe for me to announce myself to the Dutch authorities. I could be interned only if I entered Holland under arms.

As I approached the sentry box I noticed three men in gray uniforms, the regulation Dutch color. I was on the verge of shouting to them when the thought struck me that there was just a chance I might be mistaken, as the German uniforms were the same color, and I had suffered too many privations and too many narrow escapes to lose all at this time by jumping at conclusions.

I had just turned off the road to go back into some bushes when out of the darkness I heard that dread German command:

"Halt! Halt!"

He didn't need to holler twice. I heard and heeded the first time. Then I heard another man come running up and there was considerable talking, but whether they were Germans or Hollanders I was still uncertain. He evidently thought someone was on the other side of the fence.

Finally I heard one of them laugh and saw him walk back to the sentry station where the guard was billeted, and I crawled a little nearer to try to make out just what it meant. I had begun to think it was all a nightmare.

Between myself and the light in the sentry station, I then noticed the stooping figure of a man bending over as if to conceal himself and on his head was the spiked helmet of a German soldier!

I knew then what another narrow escape I had had, for I am quite sure he would have shot me without ceremony if I had foolishly made myself known. I would have been buried at once and no one would have been any wiser, even though, technically speaking, I was on neutral territory and immune from capture or attack.

This new shock only served to bewilder me more. I was completely lost. There seemed to be frontier behind me and frontier in front of me. Evidently, however, what had happened was that I had lost my sense of direction and had wandered in the arc of a circle, returning to the same fence that I had been so long in getting through. This solution of the mystery came to me suddenly and I at once searched the landscape for something to the way of a landmark to guide me. For once my faithful friend, the North Star, had failed me. The sky was pitch black and there wasn't a star in the heavens.

In the distance, at about what appeared to be about three miles away, but which turned out to be six, I could discern the lights of a village, and I knew it must be a Dutch village, as lights are not allowed in Belgium in that indiscriminate way.

My course was now clear. I would make a beeline for that village. Before I had gone very far I found myself in a marsh or swamp and I turned back a little, hoping to find a better path. Finding none, I retraced my steps and kept straight ahead, determined to reach that village at all costs and to swerve neither to the right or left, until I got there.

One moment I would be in water to

